I doubt not but to ride as faſt as Yorke,
An neuer will I riſe vp from the ground,
Till Bullingbroke haue pardoned thee: away, be gone.

Enter the King with his nobles.

King H. Can no man tell me of my vnthriftie ſonne?
Tis full three moneths ſince I did ſee him laſt,
If any plague hang ouer vs tis he:
I would to God my Lordes he might be found:
Inquire at London, mongſt the Tauernes there,
For there (they ſay) he daylie doth frequent,
With vnreſtrained looſe companions,
Euen ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow lanes,
And beate our watch, and rob our paſſengers,
Which he yong wanton and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to ſupport ſo diſſolute a crew.

H. Percie My Lord, ſome two dayes ſince I ſaw the prince,
And told him of thoſe triumphes helde at Oxford.

King. And what ſaid the gallant?

Per. His anſwer was, he would vnto the ſtewes,
And from the commonſt creature plucke a gloue,
And weare it as a fauour, and with that,
He would vnhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.

King H. As diſſolute as deſperat, yet through both,
I ſee ſome ſparkes of better hope, which elder yeares,
May happily bring foorth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle amazed.

Aum. Where is the King? (ſo wildly.

King H. What meanes our coſen, that he ſtares and lookes

Aum. God ſaue your grace, I doe beſeech your Maieſtie,
To haue ſome conference with your grace alone.

King. Withdrawe your ſelues, and leaue vs here alone.
What is the matter with our coſen nowe?

Aum. For euer may my knees growe to the earth,
My tongue, cleaue to my rooffe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a pardon ere I riſe or ſpeake.

King Intended, or committed, was this fault?
If on the firſt, how heynous ere it be,

To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue that May turne the key,
That no man enter till my tale be done.

King. Haue thy deſire.

The Duke of Yorke knokes at the doore and crieth.

Yor. My leige beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a Traitor in thy preſence there.

King. Vilain Ile make thee ſafe. (fea

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to

York. Open the dore, ſecure foole, hardie King,
Shall I for loue ſpeake treaſon to thy face,
Open the dore, or I will breake it open.

King What is the matter vncle, ſpeake, recouer breath,
Tell vs, how neare is daunger,
That wee may arme vs to encounter it?

Yor. Peruſe this writting heere, and thou ſhalt know,
The treaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhew.

Aum. remember as thou readſt, thy promiſe paſt,
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My hart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (vilaine) ere thy hand did ſet it downe.
I tore it from the traitors boſome (King,)
Feare, and not loue, begets his penitence:
Forget to pittie him, leſt thy pittie proue,
A Serpent that will ſting thee to the hart.

King. O heynous, ſtrong, and bould conſpiracy,
O loyall Father, of a treacherous Sonne,
Thou ſheere immaculate and ſiluer Fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame, through muddy paſſages,
Hath held his current, and defild himſelfe.
Thy ouerflow of good, conuerts to bad:
And thy aboundant goodnes, ſhall excuſe,
This deadly blot in thy digreſſing ſonne.

Yor. So ſhall my vertue, be his vices baude,
And he ſhall ſpend mine honour, with his ſhame,
As thriftles ſonnes, their ſcraping Fathers gold:
Mine honour liues when his diſhonour dies,